

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PARTED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. M. F. TUCKER.

In the mellow light I sit,
Idly disregarding it,
Idly rocking to and fro,
As the shadows come,
Asking, vainly asking why,
Fate has parted you and I.

Ah, why is there are few
Half so genial, half so true,
Half so near allied as we,
Yet an unkind Destiny
Rears her cruel barriers high—
Fate has parted you and I!

Not for us the dreamy blues,
Yearning smile, or thrilling kiss,
Nor for us the tender tears,
Born of blighted hopes and fears,
Sad and slow the days go by,
Fate has parted you and I!

Were our paths together laid,
We had treaded undismayed,
Valley deep, and mountain pass,
But also! alas! alas!
Down divided hills they lie,
Fate has parted you and I!

Is it, darling, is it sin
Just to think what might have been?
To unsee my eyes and see
What can never, never be?
As I clasp my hands and cry,
Fate has parted you and I!

Great this sudden sorrow is,
And through our infirmities,
We forget that tears of pain
Blossom into smiles again,
That our souls to purify,
Fate has parted you and I!

Yet, oh, yet, beloved, will time
Teach us golden truths sublime,
And beyond the dark eclipse,
Shall our uncomplaining lips
Say, submissive, by-and-by,
Fate has parted you and I!

Mother, mark—

THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST.
A TALE OF THE BACKWOODS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EMERSON BENNETT,

Author of "PRIDE OF FLORIDA," "CLACK MORE
LAW," "FOOLISH WIVES," "RESCUE,"
"BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS," ETC.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year
of 1860, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office
of the District Court of the Eastern District of Penna., and the
Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SAVAGE CHIEF.

The voyage of our adventurers down the Ohio river was to some of them comparatively pleasant, so far as to exceed quite the reverse. The scenes took charge of the boats so far as to draw their movements. At night they generally drew near the Kentucky shore and anchored in still water, but to the except of an experienced woodman was permitted to land. Their progress was necessarily slow, but safety rather than speed was the object of those who commanded.

It would not be necessary that that the adventure of Henry and Leoline began, and continued under such circumstances, we have mentioned when I open this history for more space is that which must have been the case in an ordinary state of affairs. There was something singular in their case, as both were young, educated and refined, to both the world was full of beauty, poet and romance. They were bound together by general interests and general perils, and there was an absence of that reciprocal jealousy of formal society and the cold, unfeeling care of calculating guardians. These two, together with many other for contemplation, conversed a few days, through them, on the knowledge of each other which months would not have effected under the usual conditions of conventional society.

It is, however, to say that Henry was the more direct, earnest, single-minded and sincere. He who before remarked that, though not at first complete, there was a certain want of steady balance in the nature of Leoline that permitted a strong leaning that way—an absence of sound and general love of admiration that inclined her ear to what a sounder or perhaps a more mature judgment would have rejected. She was disposed to rejoice in an extreme admiration rising almost to the strength of a passion, for which she had no adequate reciprocity of feeling, and while she was one to exact all and wholly the love of him to whom she was most inclined, she was ready to claim the right of dividing her own affections among as many as her caprice might

choose. Thus far she had never met another who had made on her so profound an impression, had so completely filled the void of her soul, as the young roving hunter and artist; and yet her manner was such as to give his handsome rival, against whom the instincts of her nature secretly revolted, almost as much encouragement as himself.

Of course there was no friendship, nor even a show of friendship, between two such opposite natures, brought together under such circumstances, as Charles Hampton and Henry Colburn. They had been formally introduced to each other by Leoline, who had playfully remarked, that, as she regarded both as her lawful protectors and defenders, she hoped they would henceforth be companions and friends. Both had bowed civilly but coldly, had exchanged a few common place remarks, and had scarcely spoken since. Being both in the same boat, and coming in contact with the same lady, they had often been compelled to speak, but either a cold, haughty bow, or a studied disregard of the presence of the other, had invariably been the result. Of course Leoline had not failed to perceive this mutual dislike, but she had apparently taken no notice of it, dividing her attentions between the two as if she had thought them the best of friends. Hampton, however, had gradually become moody, discontented and peevish. He was not popular among the passengers and crew, and he knew it. Though no further words had passed between him and Rough Tom, the latter had not failed to express his opinion of him in the most contemptuous language, and among his companions and men of that class, the opinions of the cold woodsmen always carried a good deal of weight.

Such was the state of affairs, when, on a calm, pleasant day, as the three boats were quietly floating down the river—the one containing the passengers a few feet in advance of the others—a large bird, of very bright, many-colored plumage, came flying over the foremost, on its way from the Ohio to the Kentucky shore.

"Oh, how beautiful!" exclaimed Leoline, who, with many others, including Hampton and Colburn, was standing on the deck—"how I wish its bright feathers were mine."

"And so they shall be," said Hampton, catching up his silver-mounted rifle, which was leaning against a box within a few feet of the hand, and firing with a quick aim.

Apparently the bird was either slightly touched or seriously felt the wind of the ball—for it made a quick dart downward of some fifty feet, and then seemed to increase its speed in the same horizontal direction as before.

"A mile as good as a mile!" said Leoline, turning playfully to Hampton.

As she spoke, there was another sharp crack—that time from the side of Henry, who had seized his weapon—and Leoline checked suddenly in its flight by the swift messenger of death, dropped head-like down upon the water. There was a light fastened to the boat, and in less than a minute the little form of young Colburn was seen standing in the end using the paddle with the grace and skill of a French oarsman. Gliding round his prize, he seized and held it up in triumph, amid the plaudits of the spectators, and almost the next minute he was back again upon the deck and at the side of the battered beauty.

"Permit me the honor, fair lady," he said, in a gay tone, "of laying my beautiful trophy at your feet."

Before Leoline could reply, Charles Hampton stepped quickly forward, with a pale face, burning eyes, and gathering up, and in a marked and steaming tone, said:

"A questionable trophy, Miss Holcombe, since as you are aware, it was only obtained by another member of his party."

Henry flushed in the temples, and his clear brown eyes had a peculiar gleam, as he repeated:

"Miss Holcombe and all others will bear me witness, that I only reached the bird of life as it was being away, plucked from the bullet of an unmerciful assassin."

"It is false," cried Hampton, "it was my hand that killed it of the rest."

"It is, but you will find it difficult to think so," said Colburn.

"It requires only the truth, in which you are a stranger," started Hampton, quivering with suppressed passion.

"Yes," said the young artist, advancing to his rival, and speaking in a low, determined tone, "these are the rules to be borne in the presence of ladies."

"Well, I will repeat when there are no such reasons for a lack of manhood," rejoined Hampton, with an expression that might well have become a field.

"Come, come, gentlemen," said Leoline, "let nothing be now said, for I regret the expression of a word which has given an occasion for slight words."

The angels above are not more innocent of any wrong intent than yourself," said Henry, "and for me I am heartily ashamed of what has passed in your presence." That the "we" may not be repeated or construed, permit me to withdraw for the present, and with a low bow he turned on his heel and went below.

"And are you not ashamed of yourself too?" said Leoline, turning to Hampton.

"No! why should I be?"

"Because it was all your fault."

"How so?"

"You claimed that which was not your own."

"I deny it, Miss Holcombe! That bird was mine—I killed it."

"Why did it not fall then before Mr. Colburn fired?"

"It is a common thing, when the breath is in for a bird, shot directly through the heart, to fly some considerable distance, and then fall dead," replied Hampton. "If my ball did not strike it, why did it so suddenly drop downward on the discharge of my piece?"

"Possibly you may have hit it, Mr. Hampton."

"Possibly I may have killed it, Miss Holcombe!"

"And even granting you did, was it becoming for a gentleman to have so many angry words about it?"

"It is always right for a gentleman to claim his own, and not suffer himself to be rousted by a mere adventurer!"

"I hold, sir, that you are to blame!"

"Of course you do." I could not expect any other verdict from you, considering in whose favor it is made!" said Hampton, with a covert smile.

He forgot yourself, sir!" said Leoline, proudly and coldly, with the color mounting to her temples, and turning abruptly away, she walked to another part of the boat, leaving the angry Hampton alone with his own dark thoughts.

This affair caused some excited discussion among the passengers—a few, if only for the sake of obstinate argument, contending that Hampton was right—but neither he, Colburn, nor Leoline, exchanged another word through the day.

At sunset the three boats were anchored as usual near the Kentucky shore, in a pleasant little cove, where, on the lower headland, the shore descended abruptly, with trees and bushes overhanging the water, while on the upper bank, as if to some peculiar freak of nature, an open, level wood stretched back for some considerable distance. The sun set in a cloud, which soon spread a thick pall over the heavens, and the night became so intensely dark that the shore was completely hidden from the view, but as no Indians, nor signs of Indians had thus far been discovered, no one felt much alarm on this account; and if the occasional howl of a hungry wolf, or gloomy hooting of an owl, or sharp, tremulous cry of a loon, did sometimes make the more timid quite nervous and uneasy, the majority gave little heed to sounds that they knew as much belonged to the wilderness as the trees of the forest.

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The boat occupied by our voyagers had been constructed with a view to the accommodation of passengers—in its general appearance it was not unlike a modern sloop. The middle portion of it was rounded over, and the interior was contrived with stationary and hanging berths, sufficient for the lodging of the women and children—the men, for the most part, preferring to camp down in their blankets wherever the fancy pleased them. A regular watch was set every night, and such precautions taken as were considered necessary and prudent in passing through the country of a savage enemy. One of the rules laid down by the scouts was, that no one, except an experienced woodsmen, some one especially under his charge, should be permitted to land on either shore, either in the day or night time, and this regulation being regarded as one which concerned the safety of all, no one made the least objection to the imposed restraint, and therefore all the cooking for the different parties was done on board, and the boat became as much a home to the adventurers as they would have found in a larger vessel upon the great deep.

The evening meal had been prepared and eaten by the different families and messes, and the women and children had mostly retired for the night, when Charles Hampton, who was seated in the forward part of the boat, brooding over his fancied wrongs, received a gentle tap on the shoulder. He started quickly, looked round恐怖, and confronted the shadowy figure of a man standing in a rift along side of the larger craft, but whose approach he had not heard.

"Hush!" whispered a voice, "don't be alarmed, but tell me if you're Charles Hampton."

Hampton rose, stepped back a pace, laid his hand upon a pistol, and answered, but in a whisper also:

"I am. And now who are you? and what do you want?"

"I'm Jim Davis, one of the scouts, and the friend of Henry Colburn."

"Well?"

"I'd like you to pick your friend and ride, and come along with me."

"Where to? and for what purpose?"

"Where you can try your skill on a man instead of a bird."

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"I am. And now who are you? and what do you want?"

"Really, gentlemen?"

"Were they ready for eternity?"

The rules of the two deadly adversaries were instantly brought into position for the awful work before them, and each man held his breath, listening for the signal which might send one or two living souls beyond the confines of earth and time.

At that awful moment, instead of the expected signal, the whole forest seemed to resound with a strange, wild, shrill prolonged, quavering shriek, that apparently rose from earth to heaven, and ceased, damped and died out in mid air. It was fearful and unearthly, and was well calculated to make the stoniest heart quake and fail. The sound looked at each other with faces blanched with terror. They who could leave the dangers of the wilderness like heroes, and face death like stoics, trembled and grew pale before the mystery that stretched out before their mortal eyes.

"Good God," said "Tom," "it's either the Phantom or the Devil!"

He turned and dashed away through the forest, and the others followed him, all save Hampton and Colborn, who still remained on the ground where their seconds had passed them.

A devilish gleam of triumph now shot over the dark features of Hampton, and the undivided shadows of the forest, as he beheld his rival apparently in his power.

"I came to kill him and I will!" he muttered.

He raised his rifle, took a steady aim, and fired. At that instant Henry chanced to move his head and the ball grazed his cheek.

"Villain!" he cried. "It is my turn now!"

But Hampton gave him no opportunity for a shot. Finding he had himself failed to bring down his enemy, he darted behind the nearest tree, and fled swiftly through the forest, and into that darkness in which his vile spirit he dwelt.

What was it that followed him? As he fled, Henry saw some dark object, in size and form not unlike a human being, leap from a tree near him and fast away after him, uttering a wild shriek, similar to that which had so terrified his companion. The next minute he heard the roar of Hampton, succeeded by the shriek of his mysterious pursuer. These sounds were soon far distance, and then Henry found himself all alone in the deep gloomy forest, with the two shadowy figures casting strange, fantastic shadows to dance around him. A feeling of awe and dread now took possession of him, and he also turned and fled from the awful scene.

CHAPTER V.

...continued

When Henry reached the bank of the river, he found, to his surprise and sorrowful to his dismay, that he was not at the place where he had come ashore, and where he was to have been met at proper point. He was lost, and he changed to another point, where he landed him on the other bank and then he knew he had gone up the stream instead of down. As we have said, the night was very dark and while within the forest where nothing could be seen, it was so much more a matter of chance than calculation which had brought him to the river at all, that he had left himself to fate and had gone further adrift. And became completely lost. He immediately tried to go back. He was down and along the bank, and thought he made what haste he could, he took him a full hour to reach the point of landing. No boat or shore was there, so he had to wade across, and gradually had forced his way through the bushes. Then he was in the middle of the forest, and he had escaped with those who had been lost in the darkness of the forest.

"What now?" was the response of Tom.

"I am now alone, and I am a poor boy."

"Poor boy!—poor boy!"

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MELLOW MOONLIGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY JENNIE TEMPLE.

Through leafless branches streaming,
Upon the mountain height,
The mellow moon is gazing
With weird, uncertain light.
The winding, hill-hedged valleys
It fills with pencil dim,
And hangs the woodland alleys
With shadows from each limb.

It peacefully doth linger
Upon the snow drifts white,
And glides with calm, cold finger
The old churchyard to-night.
With voiceless lips proclaiming,
On every upturned stone,
The all-seizing Power sustaining
And guiding worlds alone.

Each flashing crystal glowing,
In pure, serene ray,
A boon to us bestowing,
Both eloquent poetry,
While all the snow flakes teach us
Some wondrous truth divine,
And every moonbeam preaches
A sermon in its shine.

MORE THAN REVENGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY FLORENCE AVENEL.

Hugh Stewart looked very calm, surprisingly calm as he left the room where he had been seen with Berenice Grey—who was to have been his bride in one short month—and turning upon his heel departed, a selected escort.

"I'm bound," he said, "to have a laugh."
For what have I been?—not the servant of every man, but the slave of every master?"
The life makes the face. Hugh Stewart's life had made it, and he had his wife lost at his feet, the bag stones, even yet, clashing with the signs of suppressed passion, the intense rage of stifled love. It was a pallid face, with many remissions; but Berenice had seen it, during all she was, she might have said.

Hugh Stewart had not taken more steps before a light footfall behind him started him. Exasperated as he was, he paused an instant. There is an infinity in the evil, the magnetism of darkness. When Selina Talford glided up to him, and slipped a package of letters into his hand, he clutch'd them eagerly, but without a word. There was no need for her to say, "I have a soul as dark as yours, I see, too, for revenge."

He hastened on, and the girl glided away with the darkness. I find with myself.

At twelve o'clock, the pale, aged body of Hugh Stewart fell dead. A single, long gasp, as if to satisfaction—then there Berenice stood, and made even the most consummate—passed from time to time over his face.

"Ah! you have left me the Murray brothers. He knows not what a doom is gone. It will suffice strength life, ensuring the offspring of your unhappy marriage. What a doom! His honor even were better than Mr. Grey's. This is the very crown of vengeance."

Doubtless Hugh Stewart would have preferred dishonor, but Murray brothers, even when his agent was at the worst, thanked heaven that she, Berenice—but I judge.

Thus Berenice had at last a perfect fit for her purposes, and a home.

"This is not the life I was living before. It is still better now, but the life of this death! There are others who may have more world and honor, but not one not blotted this is like."

She was silent.

"How is my master and master among us men? How is my being, my reader, in Mrs. Grey's power?"

A faint smile, a sad smile, crept over her face.

"I am not the author of your misfortune," she said, "but I am the author of your happiness."

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could be no longer tolerated—and that was all. Millicent listened with a bright eye and a smiling face; but her heart within her was sick with disappointment.

They dined at seven, and it was nearly nine o'clock when the ladies quitted the dining-room. Millicent was last, behind her mother. Captain Clavering whispered something in her ear as she passed, for it was he who bade them out. She laughed in response, a sufficiently light laugh to listening ears. But her step grew heavy as the door closed, and she lingered considerably behind the rest. A maid glided up as she was about to enter the drawing-room, and put a folded slip of paper in her hand.

"Mr. Tom Clavering is outside, miss. He asked if I could give it you without being seen by the visitors."

"I am going away, Millicent; probably for years, possibly for ever. Will you come out to me for one minute? I am at the grave-gate."

"T. C."

She stood underneath the light of the hall lamp, by which she read it; her brain confused, her heart beating with its wild pain. Showing herself first for a minute in the drawing room, she caught up a woolen shawl and ran out at the hall door. The grave-gate was only across the lawn. It was a starlight night, cold and frosty, but she did not at once distinguish anyone, for the overhanging trees were very dark at the grave's entrance.

He was leaning on the gate but he stepped forward as she advanced. Involuntarily in her deep agitation, she put out both her hands, he clasped and held them firmly to him, his agitation as great as her own.

In these moments of agony—it was nothing less—the mind is for the most part in a state of bewilderment. "It was *she*, Millicent Orde, and *she* had caused me to remain to her afterwards of the interview I waited so long at. Perhaps the fault was *his*—Tom's. But it was clear that *she* had, in the eager excitement, the man who had been against her, always had done their work at last, and had now made his way to Mr. Bede, and was being sent away. Heaven knew where, certainly with little prospect of ever being allowed to return.

She leaned against the gate for support; she would have pinched him had he taken her to his arms and said her to the woman's shelter. But Tom Clavering was of an honorable nature, and he said not. Many and many a time had the warm words of love readily trembled on his lips, if he had put a restraint on them then, how doubly painful it was that he should do so now! Even his own poor consciousness in the baronet's household was torn from him at last, and he was being sent into the world again, to work for his living. The inconsistency of his attempting to avenge that Millicent Orde was more painful present to him than that night than that he had ever previously been.

"But what have you done?" she gasped. "Why are they sending you away?"

"You will hear no end of charges against me," he replied, not directly answering her question—and still she said clearly, "I don't care what they say—*you* know me to be worthy them. I was always the superior person."

"No, I care not for the world. I care not for people. Not a soul of you must be breached around Lady Lydia, indeed as she is against me, though I do my best and spared enough she looked over it. As if I should speak ill of the *dear*!"

The grave-gate would tell upon the fates almost as much as the Claversings."

in silent to Lady Lydia, he reported on Captain Clavering; he dared to take a high tone with Sir Bede. The lion within him had been exposed at last; the patient bearing of years gave way before a moment's passion. Lady Lydia had been taking her measures, while making arrangements in secret, when they were completed she pointed out to Sir Bede how he could and whether he could go, and then Bede's heart would be in peace. Whether Sir Bede would have consented must remain a doubt, but the climax was destined to be arrived at (unintentionally) by Captain Clavering. On the afternoon of New Year's Day, that gentleman was unwise enough, during Tom's storm of passion, to venture on a word of insult, spoken in his customary cool, supercilious, condescending manner; and Tom known the gallant officer down. Sir Bede in his turn was aroused to passion, and he aware that Tom, the scapegoat should be out of Beechwood before he went to rest that night. And Tom was so. But nothing of all this was told to the world, and the hints and end-slopes dropped by the interested, imparted a confirmed notion that Tom had been guilty of some crime too bad to be spoken of, and which for the sake of the name he bore had to be hushed up. How near they were to the mark few knew!

At the time of the occurrence, none felt more surprise than did Square Orde. In his secret heart, the squire liked Tom Clavering, but it must in candor be added that he had not the remotest suspicion of any attachment being at all between him and his daughter. He went to Beechwood on the morning after Tom's departure, and came back with a condemning scowl upon his brow.

"What have you learned?"—what had led to the diamond?—inquired Miss Orde of her husband with all a woman's eager curiosity, putting the very question that Millicent dared not put.

"I can't come to the bottom of it—of what led to his disgrace," they don't seem inclined to speak out. It was a series of general misfortune, I fancy, petty ill-doings, one after another.

Lady Lydia says no one can form an idea of what they have had to put up with in him, and the spouse's tones full to something like fear—whatever his past offences might have been, he had not yet repaid them with a crime."

Millicent's trembling lips panted.

"A crime?" echoed Miss Orde.

He went off with a bag of money belonging to Sir Bede, "Take it from the escutcheons."

"No," burst forth Millicent.

The squire turned his eyes upon her.

"What are you frightened at, child? It does not affect me. I could not 'say'—but as you have done, still I heard the facts. But, mark you, though Sir Bede discussed them to me in the fellow's relative, and that makes no difference, they are not to be made known to other people. Not a soul of you must be breached around Lady Lydia, indeed as she is against me, though I do my best and spared enough she looked over it. As if I should speak ill of the *dear*!"

The grave-gate would tell upon the fates almost as much as the Claversings."

An Evil.

WALTER FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

—*There is a school, not an academy, where wise and earnest men and women selected here and there from among us, and play at studying harder, but a*

A place where the various progeny of Thomas, Richard and Henry, come and go, content, ignorant of the outer world, to absorb the mental poison, where they are to become the intelligent masters of the next generation, but try it then. Perhaps you will say, "It is a pleasure in one sense, for all the air of which you have been guilty, in the most or least part of it, is to be guilty in the same sense."

Then, school one year. Then you a great evening, especially public schools, in your house, and, if you are a lawyer before the year is out, it will be because you are endowed with a special talent, though not the best.

With other useful knowledge you are given to the lowest meaning of the expression. The school is wanted. You will find there a more honest and more ignorant class of people than has been created in a year.

The best of students are to be found among those who had failed formerly in school. They are to be found among those who had failed in school, but are to be found among those who have been from long ago distinguished by the fact that they are known to be absentees.

And, last, very last, old, and, and aged.

Was before the school was opened, and now, as before, the school is to be found among those who had failed formerly in school.

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night; you will need to do all this and more, but be not so crazy as to expect any thanks. Thanks! Expect rather to be blamed, bothered and complained of every day of your life, to have the very soul tormented out of you. Expect this, for this is what will surely happen. If you could but read some of the letters I have seen, letters from indignant blockheads fulminating their wrath against the unhappy teacher, who dares to correct their children.

Suppose, now, that instead of being at the mercy of every drunkard, every ignoramus and fool who is the proprietor of any young rascal, who is in your neighborhood, for one year, you were compelled to that in your daily bread and water during your life-time. Then you would appreciate the benefits of a teacher's existence. Perhaps you have been highly educated. Possibly you have refined tastes and delicate feelings. May be you are even pretentious enough to have nerves, which will quiver all over at the shock of coarseness and insult. Strangle your stupid refinement, tear up your ridiculous sensibilities by the roots. If you don't, your blessed character will soon do it for you. For a school-teacher has no business with feelings, or nerves either. It is likely that you, following your quiet studies, are not very familiar with the real child of practical life. That therefore you have fancied them something such as the "Dream Children" of rare, sweet Miss Orde. As far as you may have thought to be mild and persuasive in your school, so far, by the gentle, winsome influences of love and moral precept, you would rear the immortal soul committed to your care. Immortal soul? You will discover that the fine-spun theories of the "Great Founder of Common Schools" are as summary otherwise. You will discover, it is hard truth to write, that there is a truth that among the riff-raff of a giddy school there are children who are constitutionally thieves, and others with the unmitigated gallantry mark around their throats. We are sorry for the children, but they cannot be other than as they are born. It will hardly do to treat them as little angels. You, in most cases, will speedily overtake it. It will go off, if your faith in humanity do not give after it. Your faith in humanity will go after it. If you have a warm, bright heart, and keen, impulsive sympathies, it will go all the better, and you will crystallize into something a trifle harder than the pavement under your feet.

Perhaps you have been a bit of an enthusiast. May be you were a democrat, with certain grandiose theories about the equality of all mankind. You will get over that. May be you believed that if you and others like you only worked hard enough, the good days would come, whereas the old prophet speaks when the wilderness days. But, mark you, the old prophet is right. How can you expect to meet at that thought, after while, the all the bright hopes, the golden aspirations, the sweetest dreams of your young day, will vanish like white blossoms at winter time, leaving you a cold, bitter reality. You cannot help it. Well, the sooner I happen to the better. All your affectionate gestures, hopeful nature must wither away before you are old sufficient for your place. For yourself, therefore, steady into your ring-binders round and round in it year after year, till he be able to the wooden machine shall give out at last, and must be filled from beginning to make room for a newer one. But long before this you will become pale and jaded and worn, and long for rest. For you, your friends should wait a dozen years for a bold, resolute spirit to have some energy, power and skill, as though he were with his wife, and, giving all of passing joy to real people, as a depreciation of old minds in search of new. It will not be strange if you be very indifferent at last to whether people think well or ill of you, even seeing a *little* cause for a moment. Your friends should wait a dozen years for a bold, resolute spirit to have some energy, power and skill, as though he were with his wife, and, giving all of passing joy to real people, as a depreciation of old minds in search of new. It will not be strange if you be very indifferent at last to whether people think well or ill of you, even seeing a *little* cause for a moment. 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January 18, 1866.]

7.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

An extra is required in advices.

GOLD PENS AND PENCILS!

greatest opportunity ever offered to the public of getting SPLENDID ARTICLES AT A VERY LOW PRICE.

The recent decline in Gold of 20 per cent has caused the failure of some of the largest Pen manufacturers in Philadelphia, taking advantage of this we have bought extensive stocks of Pens and can afford to sell our largest stock at the following named low prices:

Large Gold Pen	50
Small	40
Gold Pen, Silver Extension Holder and Pencil	60
Large	75
Gold Pen, Gold Extension Holder and Pencil	150
Gold Pen and Silver Holder, Plain	125
Silver Extension Holder	100
Ladies' Gold Pen	125
Large Gold Pen, Oregon Case	150

Orders for Pens or Pencils must be accompanied by the name of the party sending the same, and the name of the pen or pencil desired, and the name of the manufacturer, & address.

Address letters to greater safety to Box 188, Station D, New York City.

MENDENHALL'S Improved Self-Acting

HAND LOOM

Purchase superior advantages over all other Hand Looms, is more compact and durable, easier understood, easier to operate and more reliable.

FARMERS

Can be independent, by weaving all their goods for them on the Mendenhall Improved Hand Loom.

From 10 to 40 yards can be woven on it in a day.

No skill is required to weave upon it, beyond the simple turning of an easy crank. A woman or child can do it.

THE MENDENHALL IMPROVED LOOM weaves jeans, Suits, Twed, plain and double Cloth, Linen, Blanket Twill, Linen, Toweling, Bedding, Drapery, Blinds, etc., etc.

We will send you a sample of the work done on the loom, also weaves all Wool, Hemp, Linen and Rice Carpeting.

EACH LOOM IS WARRANTED

to be as good as new, and comes fully equipped.

INDUCEMENTS TO PURCHASERS.

Every purchase of the Improved Loom will be allowed a liberal credit on each Loom paid for, also enabling them with a little exertion, to receive back the price paid for their Loom.

The Mendenhall Improved Hand Loom is a great improvement over all others.

For descriptive literature, list of prices and samples of cloth woven on the loom, address, with stamp enclosed.

J. H. MENDENHALL, 204 and 206 Broadway, New York.

MENDENHALL'S IMPROVED HAND LOOM.

STYLING, WEAVING, ETC.

CLARK'S IMPROVED HAND LOOM.

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THE INSPIRATION OF WINTER, BOSTON, MASS.

STUDIES OF THE VILLAGE, BOSTON, MASS.

INNOCENCE, BOSTON, MASS.

LITTLE BO PEEP, BOSTON, MASS.

BABY CANNIBAL, BOSTON, MASS.

TWO GOLD MINERS, BOSTON, MASS.

ARTIE'S SWEEPS, BOSTON, MASS.

SWEET TOSSES, BOSTON, MASS.

ELEGANT DIPLOMATIC.

MAGICAL MUSICIAN.

FOR SIXTY FIVE CENTS, BOSTON, MASS.

Price, \$1.00.

